

*"Impeccably Packaged"*


Copyright free.  
Freely share as you are led.  
To God be all the glory.

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*Indeed quick! (Indeed a little costly.)*

*But when something needs to  
get there sooner than later,  
we can't be miserly.*

An open cardboard box is shown from a top-down perspective, lying flat. The box is made of brown corrugated cardboard. The top and bottom flaps are open, and the side flaps are also open, revealing the interior. The text is written in a black, cursive-style font on the inside of the top and bottom flaps.

*I stuffed a box  
with many fillers,*

*so its contents  
wouldnt get bent.*

*Taped  
shut tight*



*... the To:  
address right*

*... the box was "Priority" sent.*



*From one small town to another,  
it took more than a couple days.*



But "better late than later."  
Sending "Priority" pays.



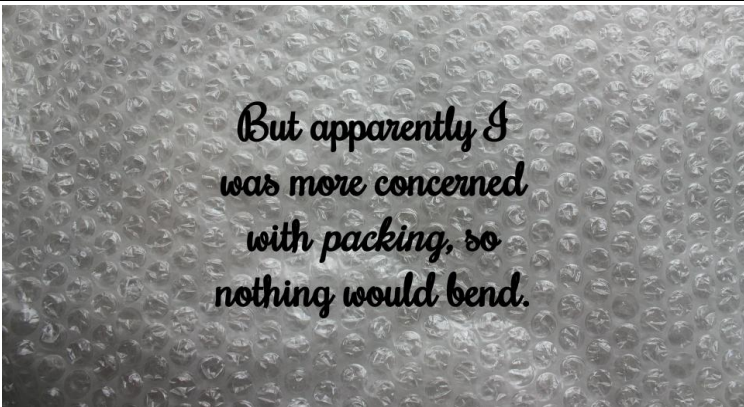
Receiving the box,  
“impeccably wrapped”  
was my sweet friend’s description.



*But I noted back  
that it did lack a  
stitch of inscription!*



*I'd intended to place in the box  
a cheerful note to cheer my friend.*

A black and white photograph of a sheet of bubble wrap, showing the characteristic pattern of small, rounded bubbles. The image is framed by a thick black border. Centered over the bubble wrap is a text overlay in a black, cursive-style font.

*But apparently I  
was more concerned  
with packing, so  
nothing would bend.*

The background of the image is a close-up, grayscale view of bubble wrap. The bubbles are uniform in size and arranged in a grid-like pattern, creating a textured, three-dimensional appearance. The lighting highlights the peaks of the bubbles, giving them a glossy look.

*Indeed that effort  
achieved that goal.  
But friendliness?  
Not a hint!*

Not even  
a smiley  
sticky note

A close-up photograph of a wooden pencil with a sharpened lead tip, resting diagonally on a piece of cream-colored paper with faint horizontal lines. The pencil is positioned from the upper right towards the lower left. A soft shadow is cast by the pencil onto the paper below it.

nor a word of scribbled print!

*You may perhaps  
already get the analogy?*

Not that  
we should  
lower the  
standards,  
living "loose"  
and immorally,





~~or, in appearance, be slovenly  
so to "appear" more friendly.~~

But if we  
(like the box)  
are so  
“impeccably  
wrapped”



that there's  
no room  
for smiling,

*or even a friendly greeting,  
something is missing.*




*Is “part and parcel”  
of our appearance*

*based on the  
folly of pride?*

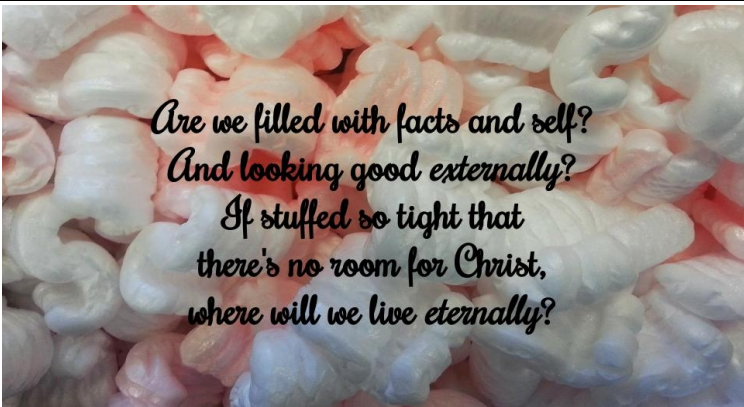




Impeccably  
“packaged”

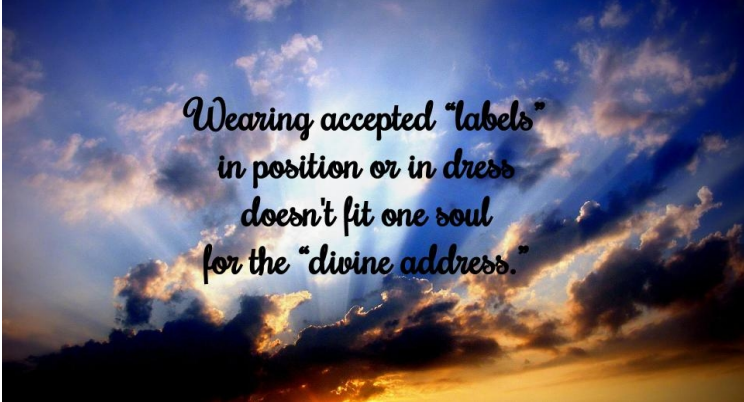
An open, empty cardboard box is shown from a top-down perspective. The box is made of light brown corrugated cardboard. The four flaps are open, forming a square frame around the central interior. The interior surface of the back flap has the text "with nothing friendly inside?" written in a black, cursive-style font. The box is set against a plain white background.

*with nothing  
friendly  
inside?*



*Are we filled with facts and self?  
And looking good externally?  
If stuffed so tight that  
there's no room for Christ,  
where will we live eternally?*





*Wearing accepted "labels"  
in position or in dress  
doesn't fit one soul  
for the "divine address."*

A photograph of several cardboard boxes, some open and some closed, scattered on a paved surface. One box in the foreground has the handwritten text "Being the right size doesn't heal us." in black marker. The boxes are of various sizes and are partially filled with items like crumpled paper and plastic bags. The scene is outdoors, with sunlight casting shadows on the ground.

Being the  
right size  
doesn't  
heal us.



*Strong packing tape  
doesn't seal us.*

*We may still lack the precious  
heart and mind of lovely Jesus.*

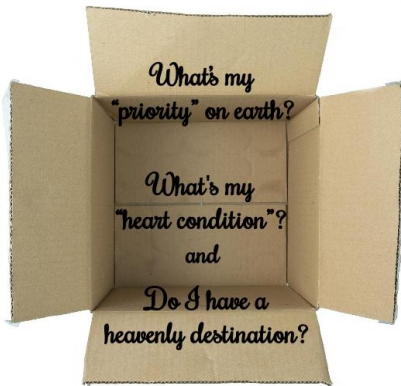


*If we strive to arrive  
in “record time”  
(like boxes by the billions)  
paying higher prices  
to make it to our  
earthly positions,*



*but have not love in  
our hearts as our  
benevolent motivation,  
we're not fit for Paradise -  
the Kingdom of Heaven.*

Let's each ask  
ourselves,  
in humble  
contemplation:



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